

^K
Night Thoughts

Ed. AMONG THE *Dutnall*

T O M B S, *July 4th*

IN *575*

BLANK VERSE.

WITH A

P O E M

ON THE

L A S T D A Y.

Quis talia fundo temperet a Lachrymis?

Time flies, Death urges, Knells call, Heaven invites,
Hell threatens ; all exerts ; in Efforts all ; —
—— Heaven's on their Wing ——
A Moment we may wish when Worlds
Want Wealth to buy.

YOUNG.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. HEARD, at the *Philobiblicians Library*,
near St. James's Church, Piccadilly.

MDCCLIII.

Night Thoughts

T O M B

BLANK VERSE



N A S T D A Y

Let this book be a part of your

collection, and let it call to mind the
many who have used it, and who
will be glad to see it in your hands.
A Memorial we give with which
We wish to be associated.

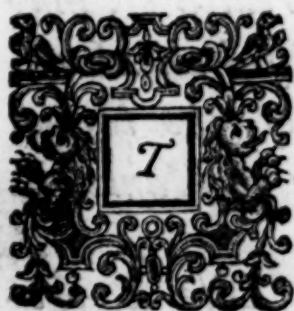
L O V E D O N

Printed for W. H. Allen, at the Press of the
New York Public Library, 1877.

MCCOLL



THE
P R E F A C E.



THE Author of the following Poem is too conscious of his own Inabilities, to place any of his Productions on an Equality with the several excellent Performances of a Poetical Kind, which have appeared in Publick, and that of a very recent Date.

Influenced by no vain Ambition of Applause, and persuaded of the Veracity of a Maxim, established by a very eminent Writer, viz. "That there is, and ever will be, Justice enough in the World to afford Patronage and Protection for those who endeavour to advance Truth and Virtue;" he flatters himself as his Intentions are sincere, his Attempt will not prove altogether unsuccessful.*

However the Subjects treated of, may have suffered by so unskilful an Hand, they are in themselves of the highest Moment and Importance to Mankind.

The Term of human Life is precarious to all, but the Lot of Death is universally certain. The former

* Mr. ADDISON. *Vide Spectator*, No. 445.

P R E F A C E. 5

Consideration should be a constant Alarm to Vigilance and Circumspection, and the latter loudly calls for an habitual Preparation, against such an awful yet inevitable Catastrophe, whenever it shall take Place.

A proper Attention to the Solemnity of that Period, which will irreversibly seal our Characters and Conditions for the Invisible World, will have a natural Tendency to wean our Affections from those sublunary Pleasures and Entertainments, which very shortly, we must leave for ever : For which Reason, Subjects of this Nature can never be too much insisted upon, since the Consequences depending, are of an eternal Concern.

If any Thing be found in the following Lines, that shall in any happy
De-

6 P R E F A C E.

Degree tend to warm the Passions, and inspire the Mind with more noble and exalted Sentiments, of the Manner in which it highly becomes every immortal Being to live and act, during its Residence on this Theatre of Trial and Probation, the Author has gain'd his consummate Wish.

And should this Performance meet with the candid and favourable Reception of the Publick, those more noble Topicks of the Resurrection, Judgment, and the general Conflagration, with the Horror, and Glory, and ETERNITY, which shall terminate all the Scenes of Time, will hereafter be discussed, and communicated to the World, as Health and Opportunity shall permit.

P. S. *As the Ode is compos'd upon*
a

P R E F A C E. 7

a Subject truly sublime in its Nature, and contains some general Hints on the Transactions of that important Day, which shall periodize the Run of Time, the Author thinks it needless to make any Apology for inserting it at the Close of this Poem, as the Manner in which it may hereafter be treated upon, will be entirely different.



THE HISTORY OF THE

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The Noctuary:

O R, A N

Address from the Tombs.

P A R T I.

In which, the

Brevity of HUMAN LIFE,

A N D

DEATH's Fame and Empire,

Are largely considered.

Ποία γὰρ ἡ ζωὴ ὑμῶν; ἀτμὶς γὰρ ἐστὶν ἡ πρὸς
ὀλίγον φαίνομένη, ἔπειτα δὲ ἀφανιζομένη.

Epist. Jacobi.

Καὶ εἶδον, καὶ ἰδὼν ἵππεσσι χλωρὸς, καὶ ὁ καθήμενος
ἐπάνω αὐτῷ, ὄνομα αὐτῷ ὁ ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ· καὶ ὁ
ΑΔΗΣ ἀκολυθεῖ μετ' αὐτῷ.

Apocalyps.

The Secretary:

O. R. A. N.

Address from: Tombs.



P. A. N.

In witness whereof

Secretary of the O. R. A. N.

A. N. S.

Durham's Lane and Building

As largely contained.

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Library of the O. R. A. N. and is not to be
distributed.

Wm. L. L.

That this copy of the O. R. A. N. is for the use of the
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distributed.

Approved.



T H E
N O C T U A R Y.
P A R T I.



The A R G U M E N T.

The Reflector's Farewel to the fascinating Poms and Vanities of Human Life. An Invitation to the Tombs. A Country Church-yard fronting the Ocean described. The awful Solemnity of the Scene. The shining of the Moon. Some shattered Tombs present themselves to View, with various other Hillocks of Mortality promiscuously scattered. The final Lot of Earthly Grandeur. The Folly of Mankind in pursuing Phantoms, and feasting themselves on Shadows. Death's Fame, Conquest and Empire universal. An Appeal to the Worldling. The Cer-

tainty of Death urg'd to the gay and unthinking Part of Mankind. The Miser's Fate. A Caution to the heedless. An Address to COSMANDER. The Ocean an Emblem of this World. Human Life illustrated in various Similies. The Vanity of high Titles; without Virtue despicable. The Pleasure of being flattered. The Example of the truly great Man worthy of Imitation. The Character re-torted upon Infidels and prophane Wits. Without Repentance, the Horror of their Doom describ'd. BELSHAZZAR's unexpected Fate, a loud Alarm to the heedless Sinner. The Conclusion: The Advice of Wisdom. The Love of Fame, and Thirst of Ambition, to be satisfied only in the Pursuits and happy Remunerations of Virtue.

A Dieu! ye modish Pageantries of Time,
 Ye painted Sepulchres, ye gilded Woes,
 Ye blazing Grandeurs, ye expiring Fames,
 Old blasted Titles of usurp'd Ambition;
 With all ye fleeting insubstantial Joys,
 That like contentious Winds, awhile suspend
 Life's airy Bubble, tossed by your Blasts
 In Tumult wild, unable to sustain
 The furious Shocks, the subtle Vapour bursts;
 And bursting, all her glittering Pomp dissolves.

Adieu!

Or, *An Address from the Tombs.* 13

Adieu! ye Flatterers of imperial Courts,
Ye *Cormorants* of Honesty and Truth,
Whose fawning Tongues advanced Grandeur sooth,
And huff superior Virtue with Disdain;
Caitiffs, farewell. Laugh on ye brainless Wits,
Carouse your Joys, and quaff 'em to the Skies;
Fill up your sparkling Bowls, give Pleasure Wing,
Despise Religion's melancholy Mopes,
And let the Laugh go round the jovial Board,
Till in the tickling Torture ye expire.

But hither thou, whom Sapience has taught
The Lesson of the Skies, awhile withdraw
From the tumultuous Buz of this mad World,
And pay a Visit to the Seats of Death;
Attend the Muse, and listen to her Song. —

Within an antient *Villa* fam'd of old,
Facing the Deep, a sacred Temple stands
Immur'd within the Ruins of a Wall;
Whose hoary Front bears the corrosive Marks
Of all-devouring Age, preluding Signs
Of total Dissolution and Decay.
Her tottering Base, for immemorial Time,
Triumphant's stood the multifarious Shocks
Of Earth, and Sea, and Skies in League combin'd;

Now

Now torn by the contending War of Elements,
Beneath its Ruins sinks, and seems mature
To mix the universal Wrecks of Matter.

'Twas in the dreary Waste of this Empire
I took my Midnight Walk, devote to Thought
And sacred Meditation; while the World,
Enchanted by the dewy Wand of Slumber,
Lay fast encircled in her downy Arms:
Amidst the Gloom of Silence and of Night,
The Queen of Heaven with cloudless Radiance shone,
Illuming all the Pavement of the Skies.

Some shattered Tombs presented to my View
Relicks of human Glory, Grandeur, Pride,
Ambition, Honour, Flattery and Pomp;
The poor Remains of Vanity expir'd.

Around were scattered, in promiscuous Heaps,
Hillock o'er Hillock, overgrown with Grass,
Resembling human Flesh; whose transient Flower,
Expanding in the Noon-tide Blaze of Day,
Its Leaves towards the Sun, in Evening fades;
And all its pristine Glory wraps in Night.

Or, An Address from the Tombs. 15

Is this the End, says my enraptur'd Soul!
The universal Lot of mortal Man!
Then why, ye busy Beings of a Day,
Hunt ye so eager in the Chace of Life?
To catch at Shadows, and regale on Winds;
Luxurious feasting on the fairy Joys
Of all-delusive Time; who, Juggler like,
Conveys invisible his dexterous Hand,
And while your Tables groan beneath their Loads,
And odorous Scents perfume the Banquet Hall;
He unperceiv'd steals off the sumptuous Fare,
And gives the Dish to Death, who stands without,
Impatient for his Nod to seize his Prey.

Hither, proud Wretch, humiliate thyself,
And for a Moment pause — see'st thou this Tomb?
Beneath it lies the Body of a Fool:
A Fool like thee; who squander'd Life and Soul,
For momentary Pleasures, endless Toils,
In the gay Circle of the modish Throng:
But while the Wretch was wallowing in his Bliss,
Death like a furious Creditor enrag'd,
Who long had dun'd in vain, fir'd with Revenge,
Collars his frightned Prisoner by the Throat;
Then gave the Charge to his relentless Guards,
Who headlong drag'd the Captive to his Tomb.

This is the marble Monument of Folly!
Heaven's highest Scorn, and Earth's ignoblest
Shame:

Where's now the gay FLORELLO? where is he,
Whose Tongue denied the Empire of the Skies,
Call'd *Heaven* a Dream, a sacerdotal Trick,
And laugh'd at *Hell* as a delusive Tale,
Priestly Inventions to amuse Mankind,
The frantic Whims of hypochondriac Fools;
Rots he not now in Foulness and Disgrace?
Where is the feather'd Pillow, downy Couch,
The soft Repose of his all-tender Limbs?
Awful Vicissitude! O Tyrant Death!
How swift thy Revolutions to the Grave,
Thy desert Region; where inglorious lie,
The Fool, the Wise, the Beggar and the Prince,
Scarcely distinguish'd in the Pomp of Ruin.

O thou Imperial Monarch of the Tomb,
Whose Iron Scepter sways dissolving Worlds,
And whose Empire its wide Dimensions spreads
From Shore to Shore; and Earth, and Sea, and
Skies,
Contain thy Triumphs, and record thy Fame:
In thy Applause the *Ocean* heaves her Waves,
And at thy Nod the sleeping Billows rise;

The

Or, An Address from the Tombs. 17

The Floods clap Hands, and Thunders, Storms and
Winds,

Swell the loud Note, and roar it to the Skies.

Where's XERXES, CÆSAR, POMPEY, and their
Sons?

Are they not Prisoners in thy dark Domain?
Thou matchless Victor, whose destroying Arm,
Crushes the Glory of aspiring Man,
And lays Earth's Monarchs breathless at thy Feet.

The *Macedonian* * Prince, whose thirsty Soul
Panted for Empire, and ambitious strove,
To grasp Creation's Bulk within his Arms;
The boasted God his Terrors round him hurl'd,
And Worlds obsequious to his Nod obey'd.
But when the Wretch, insatiate for Fame,
Could grasp no more, O! treacherous Traitor thou,
Masking thy black Designs beneath a Smile,
Pour'd forth the Venom in the Bowl of Mirth;
Jocosely laughing, while the Hero drank
The fatal Draught, suspectless of thy Hand:
Too late he feels — the poisonous Tincture rolls
Through ev'ry Vein, contagious to his Heart;
The trembling Monarch, sinking in Surprise,

* ALEXANDER the Great.

Closes his Eye-balls in eternal Night ;
And all his Glory in a Groan expires.

Thus when two Armies, with their dreadful
Pomp,
Must'ring their Forces on the bloody Plain ;
Each flush'd with Hopes of Conquest and Revenge,
Brandish their glittering Weapons in the Air,
And with their Shouts discordious shake the Skies :
Now blaze their Vengeance, now their Thunders
roar,
And horrid Groans the doleful Concert swell,
The Mountains shake, Earth totters with the Blast.

Yet thou, grim Tyrant, while the mingled Howls
Of Expiration Fear and Fury rise ;
Like as the Lion, hungry for his Meal,
Impatient waits ; so thou, dread Plunderer, views
The gorged Feast, and at the Butchery smiles.

Hail ! gloomy Monarch ! King of mortal Kings,
The Globe itself, with all its spacious Bounds
Of Sea and Land united, form for Thee
But one Empire. This Earth's a Valley strew'd
With human Dust ; and Mortals gormandize
Over the Ashes of their former Sires.
To thy dark Kingdom ! promiscuous have flock'd

The

Or, An Address from the Tombs. 19

The Sons of Time, from first created Man ;
For in thy List the whole Creation stands,
Condemn'd to feel thy Dagger and its Pang :
From Pole to Pole thy Monarchy extends ;
Nations accord to celebrate thy Fame,
And Brazen Pillars tell the World their King :
To teach proud Mortals, new *Mausoleums* rise,
The Marbles lecture o'er their silent Graves,
And Tomb to Tomb confirms the awful Tale.

Say then, gay Friend, thou Bigot of the World,
Thou Pimp for Grandeur, Affluence and Fame,
Was all the Wealth of both the *Indies* thine ;
Nay, couldst thou claim thy Title to Creation,
And hold unrival'd Empire o'er the World,
What wou'd this pompous Pageantry avail ?
Could this secure thee from the Hand of Fate,
The Stroke of Terror, or the Blow of Death ?

Think not ye gay, and fluttering mortal Race,
Amour'd with Shadows, and absorb'd in Show,
That *Affluence* glittering Tinsel *Pleasure's* Plume,
Applause's Laurel, or *Ambition's* Crown,
Are Proof against that Arm, which levels all :
Deluded Fools, the fatal Shaft will strike,
Ere long you'll feel its Pang ; the stoutest Heart

Dismay'd shall groan, the chilling Damp pervade
Dissolving Nature; while Life's frail Machine,
No longer touch'd by immaterial Power,
With all her Movements makes eternal Pause,
Nature may push the Tyrant back awhile;
But when Life's destin'd Period is expir'd,
Death like the Hunter, eager for his Prey,
Seizes the trembling Captive in his Arms;
Then hies it home, and greedily regales
In jovial Triumph o'er his plump Repast.

Ye crafty Foxes, Usurers of Wealth,
Who all *your Adoration* pay to Gold;
In restless Rapture hug your rusty Bags,
Gaze on your Coffers, cram'd with yellow Dust,
The Excrements of Earth; with ravish'd Eyes
Behold the hoarded Ore, fleec'd from Mankind;
The Gains of Knavery, and triumphant Fraud,
AVARIO'S hear, for CROESUS' Doom is yours.
Wretches dream not of future Years in Bliss,
Successive Joys in Life's bewilder'd Maze,
Of Calms in Tempests, or Repose in Storms;
This World's a Lottery, Fortune's giddy Wheel
Turns up Frustration to the gaping Fool.
This Night arriv'd a Message from the Skies,
Your Warrant for Eternity inclos'd;

This

Or, An Address from the Tombs. 21

This Night ye Misers, hear your awful Doom,
Death plunders your vast Mass of ill-got Pelf,
And GOD demands your Presence at his Bar:
Then whose shall all these glittering Treasures be?

Beware ye gay and temporizing Tribe,
Securely swimming down Life's smoother Stream,
The distant Thunder murmurs in the Sky,
Now with a hoarser Din the Volleys rowl,
And like a bloody Trumpet, sound the Alarm
To Battle and to Death; while far and near,
The dreadful Tempest swells. Lo! from the East,
With sudden Flash, the Lightning breaks the
Clouds;
To Earth's extremest Verge, the Terrors fly
From Pole to Pole, the Fulgurations blaze.
Now burst the Caves, the warring Winds arise,
And with tumultuous Roar assault the Deep:
The Billows, rousing from their oozy Beds,
Scatter their wrathful Vengeance o'er the Main,
And in their Fury dash the distant Skies.

Tremendous view yon bounding Galley rides,
Now scales the Clouds, or hangs aloft in Air,
Immerges now the fathomless Profound,
Then rises on; the foaming Surges back

Tossed

Tossed from Wave to Wave, the Sport of Seas,
Tempestuous, puff'd by each contending Gale;
Like as the reeling Drunkard staggers home,
She rocks and totters helpless and forlorn;
While the dread Torrent sweeps her down the
Stream

And Winds and Billows with united Rage
Impetuous whirl her to the *Stygian* Shores.

COSMANDER wake, all Nature's in a Storm,
And Life expiring breathes her awful Groan,
To rouse thy Soul from her lethargic Dreams:
Rise Man! in Veneration to thyself,
Shake off thy Follies, ere the Tempest bursts
Her ripen'd Vengeance on thy guilty Head;
Expos'd to all the Deluge of its Wrath.

Pleasure's a Harlot, shun her tempting Charms,
For they're lethiferous; and beneath her Smile
Lurks pale Remorse; but her Embrace is Death.
Indignant throw thy Bawbles to the Fool,
Let the cockaded Wretch his Portion seize;
Whilst thou at more ennobled Prizes aims,
And prove thyself descended from the Skies.

COSMANDER laughs, and madly calls the Scene,
The idle Fiction of disorder'd Brains:

Ask

Or, An Address from the Tombs. 23

Ask Wisdom, Friend, the Goddess will reply.

“ On the wide Ocean of this frantic World,

“ Where Woes anarchial hold their wild Empire ;

“ Each Mortal puts to Sea his Bark of Life,

“ Tugging to gain the Harbour of Repose.

“ Wafted by Passions, fickle as the Winds,

“ They touch, as each conspiring Gale inclines,

“ The several Ports of Pleasure, Pomp and Fame,

“ Regions of Sorrow, Labyrinths of Woe.

“ Each sanguin Fool, quite bubbled in his Scheme,

“ Pushes again from Shore, and courts the Breeze,

“ In Hopes of Revocation from his Fate.

“ Madly they roam, impervious of the Course

“ That Wisdom's Compass points to *Canaan's*
Shores ;

“ Alternate Passions swell the strutting Sails,

“ And Folly steers the Helm ; each passing Wave

“ Insults the Wretches, baffled in their Toils.

“ Fruitless Attempt too late they shift the Shrowds,

“ The impending Tempest bursting from the Skies,

“ Thunders her dreadful Onset to the Storm ;

“ While Death, in Triumph, mounts the Whirl-
wind's Car,

“ And calls his Forces from the Northern Pole ;

“ The Billows rise, and all the Deep obeys.

“ The *Baltick* foams, the Waves enormous swell,

And

“ And burst their Horrors ; while the shatter’d
Bark
“ Of Human Life, drove by the rolling Surge,
“ With Fury dashes on the Rocks of Death ;
“ There crush’d, amidst the Wrecks of Worlds,
expir’d.”

Like as the foaming Eddies of the Sea,
Contesting push against the current Stream ;
Their Effort vain, the Torrent sweeps ’em back,
And in the Tide they’re lost : so Nature first,
When rosy Health sits smiling on the Cheek,
The youthful Hero dauntless braves the Storm ;
Intrepid views it rushing from the Skies,
And in Jactation tugs against the Tide.
Too late convinc’d he throws aside his Oar,
Stands all-amort and sinks beneath the Storm :
Like a huge Flood the Current rolls him down,
And the fierce Whirlpool gulphs him in her Waves.

Hast thou not seen that little Monarch Boy,
Extend his Tube, and view with ardent Gaze,
The Bubble Worlds created by his Breath ;
Then lavish tofs his Empires to the Air,
Spreading their shadowy Glories as they rise,
Awhile suspended by the quivering Breeze ;

Till

Or, An Address from the Tombs. 25

Till the rough Gale crushes the glittering Ball,
And all the visionary Fabrick flies:
Why such is human Life; a Bubble tofs'd,
By every puffing Gale, and bore aloft
By Time's wild Hurricanes; and then dispers'd
To the wide Element of common Air.

Oft have I view'd the Monarch of the Skies
Draw back the Curtains from his Royal Couch,
And smile his Glories on the blushing Day;
As he advanc'd, each shadowy Phantom wing'd,
And joyous Nature blest'd the opening Scene:
Scarce had he gain'd the Zenith of his Throne,
Ere an invidious Cloud with sullen Brow,
Pass'd his Pavilion in her full Career,
Expanding wide her Mantle o'er the Skies:
Sudden the Monarch paus'd; at last declin'd,
And wrapt his Splendor in the folding Shade.

COSMANDER, thus this *Microcosm* Man,
This little World of Wonders in itself;
Like as the glittering Meteor in the Skies,
Blazes awhile, then with a sudden Flash,
Exhales its last, and rushes to Oblivion.

Like as the lofty Structure of a Tower,

D

Rear'd

Rear'd on the Summit of a rising Hill,
Commands the wide Circumference around ;
From her tall Battlements, Destruction points,
And Thunders roar Defiance to her Foes :
Scornful she views their hostile Powers advance,
Vainly secure, because her Walls are strong.
But the opposing Host, on Conquest bent,
Breathe their Revenge in one incessant Storm ;
Her *Hour's now come* ! a dread combustious Ball
Drops in the Center of her Magazines,
Whose nitrous Bowels bursting with a Groan,
Lays all the pompous Edifice in Ruins,
And whirls the Ashes to the Winds of Heaven ;
Those relick Glories of her former Pride.

COSMANDER, thus, when DEATH by Heaven
empower'd,

Comes forth to attack the brittle Fort of Life,
First from his Quiver plucks the deadly Shaft,
Then strings his Bow, and with extended Arm,
Levels his wing'd Destruction at the Heart :
If this falls harmless, then the Tyrant storms,
Breaks thro' Life Ramparts, tramples on his Foe ;
Voracious as the *Falcon*, snaps his Prize,
High relish'd Morsel, to his hungry Gorge.

But

Or, An Address from the Tombs. 27

But why on Life so lavish is my Song,
Which while I sing, bears all her Plumes aloft;
And as the *Vulture*, lur'd by Scent of Prey,
Spreads his broad Pinions, and with winged Sail
Scuds through the Air; she flies towards her Goal.
Ev'n Life itself is Death in Masquerade;
To Day the Mortal lives, at Night he dies,
Wrapt in the shadowy Mantle of the Grave,
The fable Portrait of his gloomy Sire.
What then avail the Titles of the Great;
My *Lord*, his *Grace*? Ah! how conspicuous shine
In these *Cimmerian* Cells, Ambition's Boast!
These are the Palace Chambers of Destruction;
The impartial Monarch treats his Slaves alike,
Victim o'er Victim in Confusion hurl'd.

Hail! Fellow Mortals, Brothers of the Grave,
Boast not my Friends you are more than common
Clay;

From pompous Vice ignoble Births proceed:
'Tis Virtue only stamps the Worth of Man,
And makes the *Noblest* bear a nobler Name:
Who follows Wisdom he is truly great.

Emblazon'd Arms, with their gay pictur'd Pomp,
Like gaudy Signs, attract the Gazer's Eye,
And make the *Levee* deify a Fool.

His Merit, Honour, Wisdom are admir'd,
And Virtue, Goodness, sounded thro' the Trump
Of hollow Flattery, tickling to the Ear
Of the proud Wretch, who HEROD like enthron'd,
Sits blushless in his Infamy, and swells,
To hear the Plaudit of his dirty Throng.
Explore impartial all his Genius shines,
Like *Modern Virtue*, in an embroider'd Vest,
A Midnight Revel, Dance, or Masquerade.

Not so the exalted Patron of bright Truth,
The open Foe to Adulation's Smile;
Whose Virtue, like the glorious Orb of Day,
Spreads its kind Influence to remoter Skies:
In him Men learn what Pomp and Grandeur mean,
And awe that Greatness Virtue only crowns.
His bounteous Hand the Needy fills with Good,
And his rich Blessings, dry the Widow's Tears:
The tender Orphan shares the Godlike Deed,
For Him they both with pure Devotion kneel,
And breathe their fervent Wishes to the Skies.

Copy ye Wife. Ye Witlings laugh to Scorn,
And hiss your Mockery round the infernal Club;
Call *Virtue* Madness, *Piety* a Jest,
And toss *Religion* to her Priests and Fools:

But

Or, An Address from the Tombs. 29

But when your vain Buffoonery is spent,
Ye snarling Curs, who bark against the Skies,
Remember *this*, there yet remains a God,
Whose Mercy by Impenitence abus'd,
Transverts to Indignation; and ere long,
If ye persist, his Vengeance ye shall feel,
Plung'd in the boiling Cauldron of his Wrath:
Then shall the Scenes reverse; and when ye howl,
Your God shall laugh in Mockery at your Woes.
Satan, your Master, shall no longer smile,
But, like the *Basilisk*, at every Look,
Strike Death and Anguish, all his Scorpions sting;
While Vice unmask'd in her full Horror frowns,
And *Dæmons* foul retort the Hiss of Hell.

Remember *DIYES*, he was wise — too late.
BELSHAZZAR revelling o'er his Midnight Bowls,
With all his boon Compeers, in impious Mirth
Carousing Sacrilege to Heavens high Throne;
Little the Wretch imagin'd Fate so near,
Or dreamt that Death was skulking in his Hall:
The startled Monarch views the unknown Hand,
And drops his Cup; while on his Visage sat
Guilt conscious glaring, all his Joints unloose,
And fierce Convulsions seize his trembling Limbs:

His

His Fate's explain'd, his Glories, Honours vanish,
Weigh'd in the eternal Scales, and cast for ever.

Death, like the Robber, plunders by Surprise,
And often strips us when we are most secure;
The Bowl proves fatal, and the Grapestone kills,
Excess of Joy both surfeits and devours;
This CHILON felt; and in the tickling Laugh,
The gay PHILEMON died. Ye Mortals rouse,
The present Moment seize, while Mercy courts,
And holds the gracious Scepter from her Throne:
Touch, and be Gods, if ye refuse ye die.

Why so must all, COSMANDER tart replies:
'Tis true, gay Friend, but in this Death are wrapt
Ten thousand Horrors, Nature never feels,
At Life's expiring Pang; here *Vultures* gnaw,
Conscience turns *Adder*, hisses, bites and stings;
And foul Despair, that *Hydra* of the Soul,
For ever triumphs o'er her Prey forlorn.

Ye Sons of Folly, ponder well this Truth,
Nor sell your Souls for unimmortal Joys;
Your Souls extracted from cœlestial Worlds,
Which tho' the Ball shall from its Center drop,

And

Or, An Address from the Tombs. 31

And all her Works in Ruins lie dissolv'd,
Uninjur'd shall behold the awful Scene,
Surviving hear Earth's last expiring Groan.
A Soul's more worth than all the Globe can boast;
Empires are Bubbles; Scepters, Crowns and Worlds,
Amount to endless Loss: a poor Exchange,
When counterpois'd to Man, immortal Man.

Fly then to Mercy's Arms, ere Vengeance draws
Her flaming Sword, and bathes it in your Blood.
Are ye *ambitious*, strive ye for a Crown;
Would ye be CÆSARS, Wisdom points the Way;
“*Conquer yourselves*,” that's more than thousand
Worlds.

Pant ye for *Fame*, explore it in the Skies,
For there the Memory of the Just shall live,
And in the Eternal *Archives* stand engrav'd,
In Characters coeval with the Soul;
When Time and all his Annals, like a Dream,
Shall pass away, obliterate and forgot.

The SAVIOUR smiles — lo! from his Radiant
Throne,
He holds a Diadem of more than Gold,
And gracious cries, “*The Conqueror shall receive.*”

My

My GOD I come ; and prostrate at thy Feet,
Surrender up my Soul, and all her Powers,
To be for ever thine : — Now Night farewell.
Ye Sons of Earth go scramble for your Dust ;
While with thy Aid, my Guardian and my King,
I'll strive to win the everlasting Prize ;
Compar'd to which, the Monarch's gorgeous Crown,
Is as a common *Pebble* to the *Sapphire* :
For *his*, like all this Pageant World shall fade,
And shine no more ; but Heaven's immortal Crown
In the full Blaze of Glory shall behold
The Sun and all the starry Host expire,
Veil'd in the Bosom of Eternal Night.

End of the FIRST PART.



The Noctuary:

O R, A N

Address from the Tombs.

P A R T II.

In which, the

Final Period of all Earthly Glory,

Is copiously discussed and improv'd.

— *Omnes una manet nox :*

Et calcanda semel via Lethi.

HOR.

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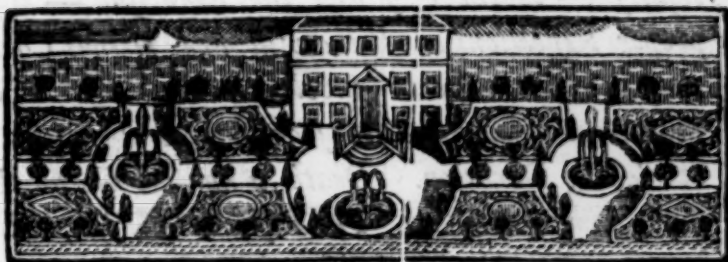
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T H E
N O C T U A R Y.
P A R T I I.

The A R G U M E N T.

A Description of the Night. Calmness and Serenity universally prevail. The Rising of the Moon, with her surrounding Glories. The Reflector's second Visitation to the Tombs. A happy Retreat from the Scenes of Riot, whither the Roaring Lion repairs in quest of human Prey. A Welcome to the Funereal Shades. Death the Key of Immortality. The Vanity of an ostentatious Burial. The Prodigal's Behaviour at the Miser's Death. An Address to the various Ranks of Mankind — to the Monarch — to the Prince — to the Politician — to

the Learned and the Wise — to the Orators of Antiquity — to the Gay and the Beautiful — with proper Reflections on the awful and piteous Condition in which Death involves them all. COSMANDER admonished to search after Felicities of everlasting Duration. Death a narrow Gulph that parts Time and Glory. The Reflector's Wish. COSMANDER invited to visit the dying COSMELIO. Its Effect upon him. The Exile and the Sinner compared. His Death-Bed, with its surrounding Horrors. His Speech and Expiration. The Conclusion. The Death of the Righteous Man. His happy Exit, and triumphant Arrival at Glory.

THE Sun had travel'd his diurnal Rounds,
 And fable NIGHT, now Empress of the Skies,
 On her tenebrious Throne, in sullen Pomp,
 Majestick sat. While at her Right Hand stood
 Primæval Darknefs, Monarch of the Grave,
 From antient Chaos and Confusion sprung:
 Silence, coeval with eternal Age,
 Advancing next, on her left Side assum'd
 Her custom'd Seat: Round her Pavilion flock'd
 Foul noxious Vapours, with a numerous Train
 Of mimic Shadows, pale and dusky Clouds;
 While underneath her Footstool lay entranc'd
 The slumbering World, secure in their Repose.

Scarce

Or, *An Address from the Tombs.* 37

Scarce a *Tenebrion* in the Streets was seen,
And through the City's ample Rounds, alone
The *Watchman's* Voice was heard, all else was still.

The Rural Region, blest'd with balmy Sleep,
Forgot the Labours of the Day elaps'd,
And in Oblivion buried all their Toils.
No foul black Raven, with presaging Croak,
Disturb'd the Skies; nor yet the shriller Tone
Of the ill-boding Screech-Owl, struck the Alarm,
Prophetic of *Ill News* to timorous Minds.
Nature repos'd in universal Calm,
And *Echo* slumber'd in her hollow Caves.

The Scene invites — I take my usual Walk,
For lo the Moon! from yonder fleecy Cloud,
Begins her Progress, and with silent Pomp
Ascends her Throne; while with majestic Air,
She spreads her Silver Mantle o'er the Skies:
Nature array'd in lighter Shades unfolds,
Her rising Glories on the ætherial Plains,
And all the starry Floor's emboss'd with Gold.

Welcome funereal Shades, ye peaceful Seats,
Blest'd Hospitable Mansions; where secure,
The "Weary rest, the Wicked plague no more."

Welcome,

Welcome, ye Tombs, old faithful Monitors
Of mortal Man; who without Flattery tell
The Passenger, "tho' living, *he must die.*"

Once more pale Monarch, to thy dreary Courts,
I pay my Visit, and securely tread
Through thy dark Vale, fearless of Spectres, Ghosts,
Those Visitants of Guilt or Childish Fear;
While the infernal Monster leaves his Den,
And as the Lion in the Gloom of Night
Explores his Prey; he journeys round the Orb
Of this wide World, diligent in his Quest
Of Souls immortal, which when Riot rules
On Reason's Throne, fall Captives at his Will.
The *Dragon* yells for Joy, and binds his Slaves,
In Iron Fetters, Adamantine Chains
Of harden'd Vice, the temper'd Steel of Hell,
Which Heaven alone is able to dissolve.

Welcome ye gloomy Chambers of the Grave,
Death's general Mart, through which the crowded
Throng
Pass hourly, in their Journey to the Skies.
O Death! thou Key to Immortality,
When shall thy Hand unlock the Prison Doors
Of Life's frail Tenement? and give Discharge

To

Or, *An Address from the Tombs.* 39

To this immortal Power, who flutters round
Her narrow Confines; like the Captive Bird,
Panting for Freedom, and her native Skies.

When shall the *Gordian* Knot of Life dissolve?
The Bubble break, and its delusive Joys
For ever wing. O! when shall these tir'd Limbs,
Long wearied in this Labyrinth of Woes,
Beneath some humble Turf repose and rest?

COSMANDER loves an ostentatious Shew,
The Blaze of Grandeur, the Funereal Torch,
The Nodding Plume, with all the sable Pomp
Of ghastly Mourners, hir'd for looking *sad*;
Whose meagre Aspects, like a Visage veil,
Their inward Joy; whose Livelihood is Death.
Thus when old CROESUS dies, his lavish Heir
Conceals his Rapture, with a feigned Groan;
And like the *Crocodile*, weeps out — for Joy.

How vain this pageant Mockery of Death!
Which like that vaunting Monarch * Fame records,
Whose Funeral Pall had in Embroidery wrought,
The various Cities, with the Nobles Kings,
That his victorious Arm had once o'ercome.

* JUSTINIAN, one of the Emperors of *Rome*.

Prouḍ Ostentation! solemn Vanity!

Where are the Victors? where the Vanquish'd *now*?

Are they not both in equal Fate involv'd!

Earth'd in the common House of all Mankind.

Ye *mighty* Monarchs! whose aspiring Fames
Blaz'd to the Skies, whose Nod imperious sway'd
Nations obsequious, and whose Stamp † conven'd
Whole Swarms of Armies, mustering o'er the
Plain.

Ye *Princes, Nobles*, how are ye debas'd?
Dethron'd and levell'd with the common Herd
Of Mortals, who were once your menial Slaves.
Your Kingdoms vanish'd, like the passing Shade,
That on the *Gnomon* marks the Hour of Day.
Where are your purple Robes, your Levee where?
Vile Transmutation, how are ye disgrac'd!
The Triumph of that little Reptile Worm!
Your boasted Grandeur shrouded in an Urn,
And your vast Empires in a Tomb confin'd.

O mortal Glory! vain ignoble Boast!
For which the Wretch with panting Ardour toils;
And while he hugs the Phantom in his Arms,

* POMPEY once boasted in public Company, that with the Stamp of his Foot he could fill all *Italy* with Soldiers.

Or, An Address from the Tombs. 41

Meets the Embrace of Death. YE POMPEY's, where
Lie your once dreaded Names? how has the Hand
Of dark Oblivion expung'd their Pomp!

Ye *Politicians* whose contriving Brains
Plotted the Downfal and the Rise of States;
Whose airy Projects soar'd, ICARUS like,
On Fancy's Pinions, baseless as a Dream,
To scale the Clouds, and nest among the Stars:
How are your wise Determinations baulk'd?
And the false Blaze of transitory Fame,
Rush'd from its Orbs, evaporate and dissolv'd?

Ye *Wise*, ye *Learned*, whose capacious Souls
Contain'd the vast Immense of human Thought:
On the full Wing soar'd boldly to the Skies,
And rang'd the Circuit of unnumber'd Worlds;
Till Death spread forth his intercepting Hand,
Stop'd your high Flight, and hurl'd ye back to Earth.

Ye *Orators* of Old, whose *Siren* Tongues
Charm'd the rude Throng, and made the Wise attend.
Where's CICERO now! his soft and moving Strain,
His Tongue, on which Applause maintain'd her
Throne,
Whose Breath immortal, and whose Words were
Fame.

F

How

How has dead Silence stop'd the Charmer's Voice,
And its sonorous Organs hush'd in Death!

Where's great DEMOSTHENES, the Pride of *Greece*,
Whose mighty Voice, like Thunder from the Skies,
Struck deep Attention; while the raptur'd Crowd
Admiring heard, and shouted loud Applause.
Where are those Titles, whose illustrious Pomp
Fill'd the bright Register of earthly Gods?
Whose dread Exploits the Brazen Statue fam'd,
Or the hewn Marble, to succeeding Age
Rehears'd the sounding Tale, to wondring Worlds.
Are they not buried in Oblivion's Tomb?
And, as the rushing Torrent rolls its Stream,
To join the *Ocean*, where her mighty Waves,
Like Drops are lost, and instantaneous plunge,
The boundless Bosom of the Deep profound;
Their Glories vanish'd, and are seen no more.

Ye *Gay*, ye *Fair*, whose captivating Charms
Struck the Spectator; while the encircling Throng,
Admiring gaz'd at Features so divine.
O piteous Spectacle! lo, what a Change,
Death's sudden Hand has caus'd! how soon expir'd
The Blush of Beauty, and the tinctur'd Dye,
Which on CLEORA's Cheek so lately glow'd?

How

Or, An Address from the Tombs. 43

How blasted all Life's flowery Glories lie.
For ever wither'd, faded and decay'd?

Cease then, COSMANDER, thy vain Hunt for
Bliss;

Explore no longer on the Banks of Time,
The Flower's Cœlestial, Earth's too coarse a Soil,
It blossoms in the Regions of the Skies.
For what is Death? a narrow Gulph that parts,
This gloomy Vale from Glory and her Joys;
This pass'd — triumphant we attain the Shore,
Shake off this mortal Load, and with full Gust,
Replenish at the inexhausted Font,
Where weary Travellers cease from all their Toils.

Just as the Mariner, 'scap'd the Wreck of Seas,
Exulting views some friendly Shore at Hand;
Furls up his Sails, then anchors in the Bay
His shatter'd Bark, and with full Transport lands.

Such be my End, when *Life's* tumultuous Waves,
No longer toss me on this Sea of *Time*;
Triumphant may I ride through *Death's* dark Storm,
And reach the eternal Port, with welcom'd Shout
Of fellow Spirits to my native Skies,
While Angels smile, and clap their Wings for Joy.

Of Death, COSMANDER, long the Muse has sung ;
His Empire Fame, at large, have been unroll'd :
Nor think the Theme unworthy of Regard.
Leave the gay Ball, excuse thyself for once,
Thy Friend COSMELIO's in his dying Pangs :
See where he lies, in restless Motion tofs'd,
From Side to Side, in Agonies of Pain !
His fluttering Heart pulsates his throbbing Breast,
And strikes the Alarm of Death. How pale that
Face,
Where Life's Carnation Rose so lately bloom'd !
How his sunk Eye-balls, with a hideous Glare,
Roll gazing round — hark, how that Sigh
Bursts from his Bosom, follow'd by a Groan,
Portentous Omen of the Woe he feels
Gnawing within him — see he moves his Lips,
But Utterance fails — he looks towards the Skies,
Heaven be propitious, save him from the Storm
That rushes towards him — Oh my Heart it bursts !
COSMELIO groans, and trembles, and expires.

COSMANDER weeps, indulge the tender Tear ;
Nor let Oblivion wipe it from thine Eyes,
Till thou'st implor'd for Mercy at the Throne
Of universal Nature's Judge supreme ;
Whose Vengeance, like a flaming Thunderbolt,

Shall

Or, An Address from the Tombs. 45

Shall strike his Foes ; and with consuming Fire,
Sweep all the adverse Host before his Face.

As the pale Convict exil'd for his Crimes
In Regions far remote, to drag the Chain
Of Servitude for Life, with lingering leaves
His native Shore, and casts a wishful Eye
Towards his Home, doom'd never to return :
Even thus the Sinner, when arrest by Death,
Reluctant leaves this Paradise of Fools ;
Shivering he stands, unwilling to push off
From Life's enchanting Shore ; and gazing round
Earth's ample Circle, heaves a dismal Groan,
To part for ever from her gay Delights.

Happy ! were this the Portraiture at full,
Of Life's expiring Scene, to *impious* Man ;
But Conscience now, like as a Giant rous'd
From his long Slumbers, or refresh'd with Wine,
Puts on new Terrors, and more fierce attacks
The troubled Regions of the conscious Breast :
In wild Confusion all the Soul is lost,
And Hell already seizes on her Prey.

Around his Couch a Host of *Dæmons* wait,
Smile at his Pangs, and hiss at every Groan ;
Their

46 *The* NOCTUARY: Part II.

Their wonted Lure now ceas'd, 'twas once "*too soon*"

In Life's gay Hours to spend a Thought on
Heaven;

The Tone's revers'd, the infernal Thunderer roars,

Tis now "*too late.*" Mercy her Golden Gates

Has shut indignant, Audience is refus'd;

Approach COSMANDER — hark! the Miscreant
speaks.

" Ah! now I feel the Hand of Vengeance strike,

" Black Horrors fill the Region of my Mind,

" And the fierce Flames consume me — Oh! I
thirst —

" One Drop's denied — I plunge a Sea of Wrath;

" Justice with awful Brow frowns sternly on me,

" And the Almighty's Terrors shake my Soul;

" My Heart expires, my panting Bosom heaves,

" And o'er its wonted Throne Despair presides.

" Oh Hell! to thy Dominions lo! I come

" To join the curs'd Associates of my Life,

" And share the Lot which Vengeance has de-
creed,

" Mingling my Curses with their mutual Groans.

COSMANDER starts; Guilt reddens on his Cheek,
And the warm Blush is conscious to my Song;

The

Or, An Address from the Tombs. 47

The Terror strikes — ye Heavens strike it home,
Nor heal the Wound, till his relenting Heart
Bows to the Skies, and pleads for *Gilead's* Balm.

If the dark Portrait I have faintly drawn,
Too awful seems, I'll pull the Veil aside,
Unfold a Scene on which even Angels gaze
With raptur'd Joy. Behold, yon humble Roof,
Where Virtue dwells — THE ANDER view the
Man,

In Death's sharp Pangs, though tortur'd, yet serene,
He looks to Heaven, and bids the Tyrant strike ;
Attend COSMANDER ; lo ! the Hero speaks.

“ Welcome, O Death, thou Harbinger of Joy,
“ Till now I always shudder'd at the Pang
“ Of Diffolution, and my Soul shrunk back
“ With Gloom and Trepidation, when I look'd
“ O'er Life's dread Precipice ; but now unmov'd,
“ I see the Gulph, nor startle at its Horrors.
“ Heaven dawns upon me, 'tis immortal Day,
“ Glory unfolds her everlasting Gates,
“ I feel the Transport, and a Flood of Joy,
“ Like the full Tide, comes rushing o'er my
Soul :

“ These

- “ These mortal Opticks fail, when shall I see ?
“ When Face to Face behold my God my King ?
“ Weep not, my Friends, no Sorrow damps my
Heart,
“ Conscience is sprinkled with attoning Blood,
“ And through her Regions whispers Peace divine.
“ No Eloquence can paint the Bliss I feel ;
“ Angels themselves would sink beneath the Task ;
“ Conception fails — O Death ! thy noxious Sting,
“ By Heaven’s disarm’d, no Twinges pang my
Soul ;
“ Thou friendly Messenger, with open Arms,
“ I meet thy cold Embrace — What though the
Worms
“ This Body seize, and claim it as their Prey ;
“ ’Tis nought to me, my Saviour shall preserve
“ The scatter’d Atoms, and recall to Life,
“ From the long Slumbers of the silent Tomb :
“ Then shall the Barriers burst, my Flesh awake,
“ Cloath’d in the glorious Image of its God ;
“ The World recedes, I feel Life’s strug’ling
Pang
“ Within my Breast ; now Earth and Time fare-
wel ;
“ I sink — I soar — my God receive my Soul”.

He

II Or, *An Address from the Tombs.* 49

He mounts, COSMANDER — lo! a cælestial Band
Guard the illustrious Monarch to his Throne;
Amazing Change! — A Beggar crown'd a King,
Invidious *Demons* from the Prospect turn
Disdainful and abash'd. — Hell's *Tyrant* foams
With Rage to see his Machinations fail'd.
How this terrestrial Spot fades in his Eye,
New Worlds salute him, and fresh Wonders rise
Along the Ethereal Road. Transporting Scene!
How Angels flock around, and wish him Joy
To their Dominions. Lo from yon *Jasper Hill*
A numerous Host of SERAPHIM descend
In bright Array; and with exulting Shout,
Hail him to Glory and unfading Bliss:
The Concert swells, all Heaven triumphant rings,
And the full Plaudit echoes through the Skies.

Here cease the Muse, till on sublimer Themes,
She swells her Note, and sings the immortal Fame
Of Him who conquer'd Death, the Grave and Hell;
In glorious Thralldom led Captivity,
And drag'd the Monsters at his Chariot Wheels.
Then spread her Pinions, and expanded stretch
Her Flight to that great Period, yet unknown;
When the last Trump shall thunder thro' the Skies,
And rouse the slumbering Nations from their
Graves;

Creation labour in a second Birth,
And new Vitality recloath the Tomb.
When Death shall feel the fatal Dart of Time,
Sink from his Throne, and hold his Reign no more;
When the huge Pillars that support the Skies,
With Age shall tumble; and the beauteous Frame
Of this fair System vanish and dissolve:
When the fierce Flames shall rage from Pole to
Pole,
The Billows blaze, and leave their sinking Shores;
Earth's gorgeous Kingdoms with their Empires sink,
And mix the Wrecks funereal of the World;
Time drop his Curtain o'er the expiring Ball,
And vast ETERNITY conclude the Scene.

End of the SECOND PART.



A N
O D E
ON THE
LAST DAY.

*Ipse Pater media nimborum in nocte, cœrusca
Fulmina molitur Dextra; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit, fugere feræ, & mortalia corda
Per gentes, humilis stravit Pavor.——*

VIRG.

*Esse quoque in fati reminiscitur affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
Ardeat, & mundi moles operosa laboret.*

OVID. Metam.



A
O D E

ON THE

LAST DAYS

The Roman empire, which was the
foundation of the Christian Church;
the Roman empire, which was the
foundation of the Christian Church;
the Roman empire, which was the
foundation of the Christian Church;

The Roman empire, which was the
foundation of the Christian Church;
the Roman empire, which was the
foundation of the Christian Church;
the Roman empire, which was the
foundation of the Christian Church;



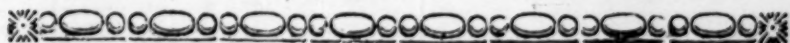


THE
LAST DAY.
An O D E.



Ἡζεὶ δὲ ἡ ἡμέρα Κυρίῃ ὥς κλέπτῃς ἐν νυκτὶ, ἐν ᾗ οἱ
ἔρανοι ῥοιζήδον παρελεύσονται, σοιχεῖα δὲ καυσά-
μενα λυθήσονται, καὶ γῆ καὶ τὰ ἐν αὐτῇ ἔργα
κατακαήσεται.

Epist. Pet.



I.



ARK! how my Soul,
The Thunders roll,
Destruction rouses from her Cave;
The Lightnings glance,
The Billows dance,
The Sea expands her watery Grave.

II.

54 *An ODE on the LAST DAY.*

II.

From Earth to Sky,
The Terrors fly,
Tempestuous Vollies ceaseless roll;
The Tombs disgorge
Their former Charge,
And Horrors spread from Pole to Pole.

III.

Nature distrest,
Pulsates her Breast,
The *Baltick* foams *Olympus* high:
The Rocks rebound
The hollow Sound,
And the loud Echoes shake the Sky.

IV.

Lo! how the Waves,
With sulphurous Blaze,
Impetuous roll along the Tide;
Death's Organ rings
The Lot of Kings,
And sounds the Fall of human Pride.

V.

V.

Hearts sigh and groan,
From Hut to Throne,
The dreadful God his Vengeance hurls ;
Wrapt in Amaze,
Poor Mortals gaze,
And trembling view the Crush of Worlds.

VI.

The Archangel stands
On Sea and Lands,
And strides from Shore to Shore ;
The Trumpet blows,
The Echo glows,
And Earth and Air return the Roar.

VII.

The Sun exhales,
His Glory fails ;
And as the fiery Comet dies,
In one faint Blaze,
Floods all his Rays ;
Then sinks, and trackless leaves the Skies.

VIII.

VIII.

The Planets fall,
The tottering Ball,
And all her blazon'd Poms retire;
The Stars decay,
And rush away,
And all the ætherial Lamps expire.

IX.

Through Time's wide Range,
The mighty Change,
With all velocious Transits runs;
Darkness invades,
All Nature fades,
And Earth again to Chaos turns.

X.

The Marbles burst
From Beds of Dust,
The Dead rise startled at their Knells;
The Orb rebounds,
The Trumpet sounds,
And shakes the inmost Cave of Hell.

XI.

Time's *Masquerade*
Throws off the Shade,
That long had blinded mortal Eyes;
And Monarchs, Kings,
Those mighty Things,
Are stript of all their gay Disguise;

XII.

The Tyrant's Frown,
The Prince's Crown,
No longer fill Mankind with Fear;
Nor CÆSAR's Name,
Nor POMPEY's Fame,
Can strike a single Terror here;

XIII.

A numerous Train
Now fill the Plain,
From Earth, and Sea, and Hell they come;
Expecting wait
The Lot of Fate,
And *guilty* dread the approaching Doom.

58 *An ODE on the LAST DAY.*

XIV.

The Righteous smile about
 At Nature's Pile,
 And raptur'd view her Fun'ral Dome;
 Their Virtue flows,
 Their Ardour glows,
 And long to reach their native Home.

XV.

Lo! now the God,
 With awful Nod,
 Descending shakes the Skies;
 In purple Clouds,
 His Glory shrouds,
 SERAPHS and Saints his Guard comprise,

XVI.

The Balance hung,
 The Scales are strung,
 The eternal Judge the *Time* unrolls;
 In royal State,
 Assigns the Fate
 Of more than thousand thousand Souls;

XVII.

XVII.

Conscience turns pale,
And Fears assail,
In vain on Rocks and Hills they call;
The Howls and Cries,
Rend all the Skies,
And shake the wide expanded Ball.

XVIII.

Lo! *Death* expires,
Hell blows her Fires,
And doleful Groans and Shrieks rebound;
The Apostate World
Are headlong hurl'd,
And plunge the fathomless Profound.

XIX.

The Process ends,
The Judge ascends,
And Saints and Angels join their Songs;
The Region rings,
The *Chorus* sings,
Glory to Thee, O GOD, belongs.

XX.

60 *An ODE on the LAST DAY.*

XX.

*Earth's Pillars fall,
Time spreads his Pall,
And all his Glories sink from Sight;
The Vision flies,
Creation dies,
Involv'd in universal Night.*

F I N I S.



